



79

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

EXTERMINATOR

STORY

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SPAWN 78 Summary

While Twitch lies in a coma, Sam unknowingly trades favors with Spawn for a miraculous recovery. Sam continues trying to solve the latest, seemingly senseless murders of the homeless but leaves the morgue with more questions than answers after the coroner shows Sam an unusual mark on the latest victim. Meanwhile, Spawn and Cog search a museum of antiquities for ancient answers to the mysteries of the murders and they also find an image of the same mark. Later, Spawn confronts Sam and a recovered Twitch about the results of their detective work even as another body is discovered and this time, it's a child.



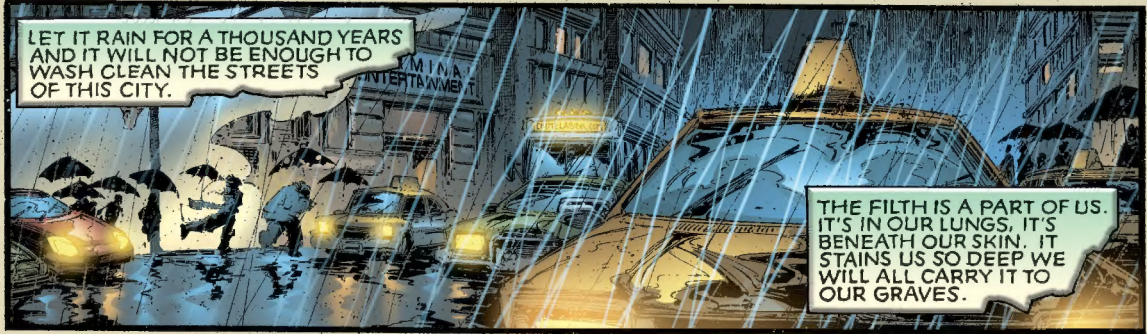
ETHAN CRONE.
NOTES ON A
DYING CITY.

IT'S STILL
RAINING.




DOWN ON THE STREET, THE
FACELESS DRONES SCURRY
LIKE RATS, SEEKING SHELTER
FROM THE TEMPEST.

THEY FIGHT OVER TAXIS, PUSH AND
SHOVE THEIR WAY ALONG THE SIDE-
WALKS, DIVING INTO DOORWAYS
FOR A MOMENT'S RESPITE.




LET IT RAIN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS
AND IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO
WASH CLEAN THE STREETS
OF THIS CITY.

THE FILTH IS A PART OF US.
IT'S IN OUR LUNGS, IT'S
BENEATH OUR SKIN. IT
STAINS US SO DEEP WE
WILL ALL CARRY IT TO
OUR GRAVES.




NEW YORK CITY AT THE END
OF THE MILLENNIUM. A DARK
DRAMA IS BEING
PLAYED OUT.

A GRAND OPERA
WRITTEN IN BLOOD.



SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, A
MURDERER IS ON THE
LOOSE. HIDING AMONG
THE FACELESS MASSES...

... LYING
COILED
IN THE
SHADOWS,
WAITING
TO STRIKE.



MEANWHILE, I SIT AND
WATCH FROM THE RAFTERS
AND WRITE IT ALL DOWN.

SOMEONE IS KILLING THE HOMELESS OF MANHATTAN, DISCARDING RAGGED SCRAPS OF HUMANITY IN THE ALLEYWAYS, OR NAILED TO TREES IN THE PARK.

THE "EXTERMINATOR"-- THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE CALLING HIM (OR HER, OR IT)... A RATHER COLORFULLY GRUESOME APPELLATION, IS IT NOT?



HE LEAVES CRYPTIC NOTES ABOUT A "GREAT CLEANSING," ABOUT "INSECTS BENEATH HIS FEET." HE MAKES THREATS AND MOCKS THE AUTHORITIES.

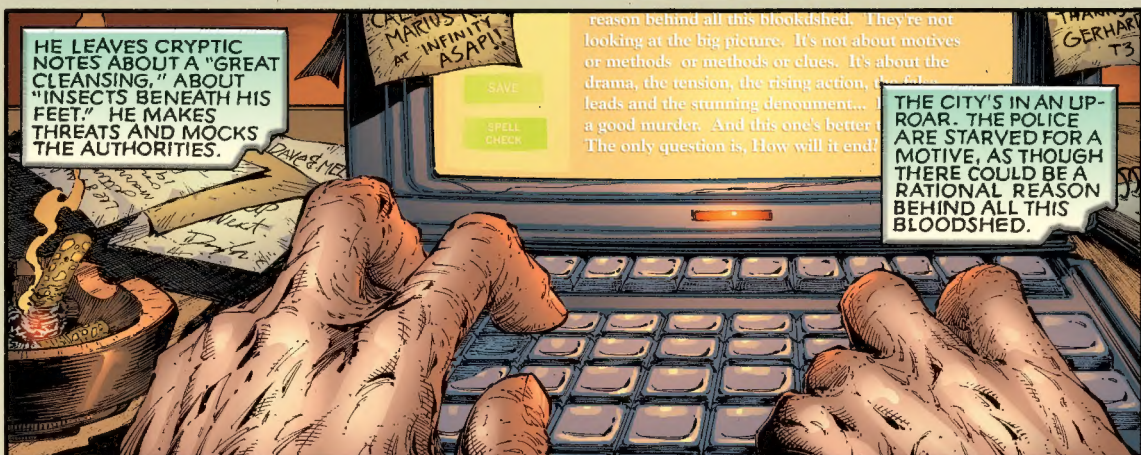
CALL MARIUS AT INFINITY ASAPI

SAVE

SPELL CHECK

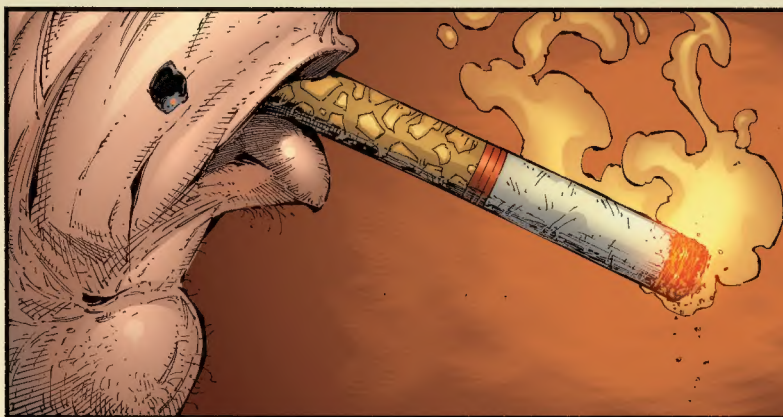
reason behind all this bloodshed. They're not looking at the big picture. It's not about motives or methods or methods or clues. It's about the drama, the tension, the rising action, the leads and the stunning denouement... a good murder. And this one's better. The only question is, How will it end?

THE CITY'S IN AN UP-ROAR. THE POLICE ARE STARVED FOR A MOTIVE, AS THOUGH THERE COULD BE A RATIONAL REASON BEHIND ALL THIS BLOODSHED.



THEY'RE NOT LOOKING AT THE BIG PICTURE. IT'S NOT ABOUT MOTIVES OR METHODS OR CLUES.

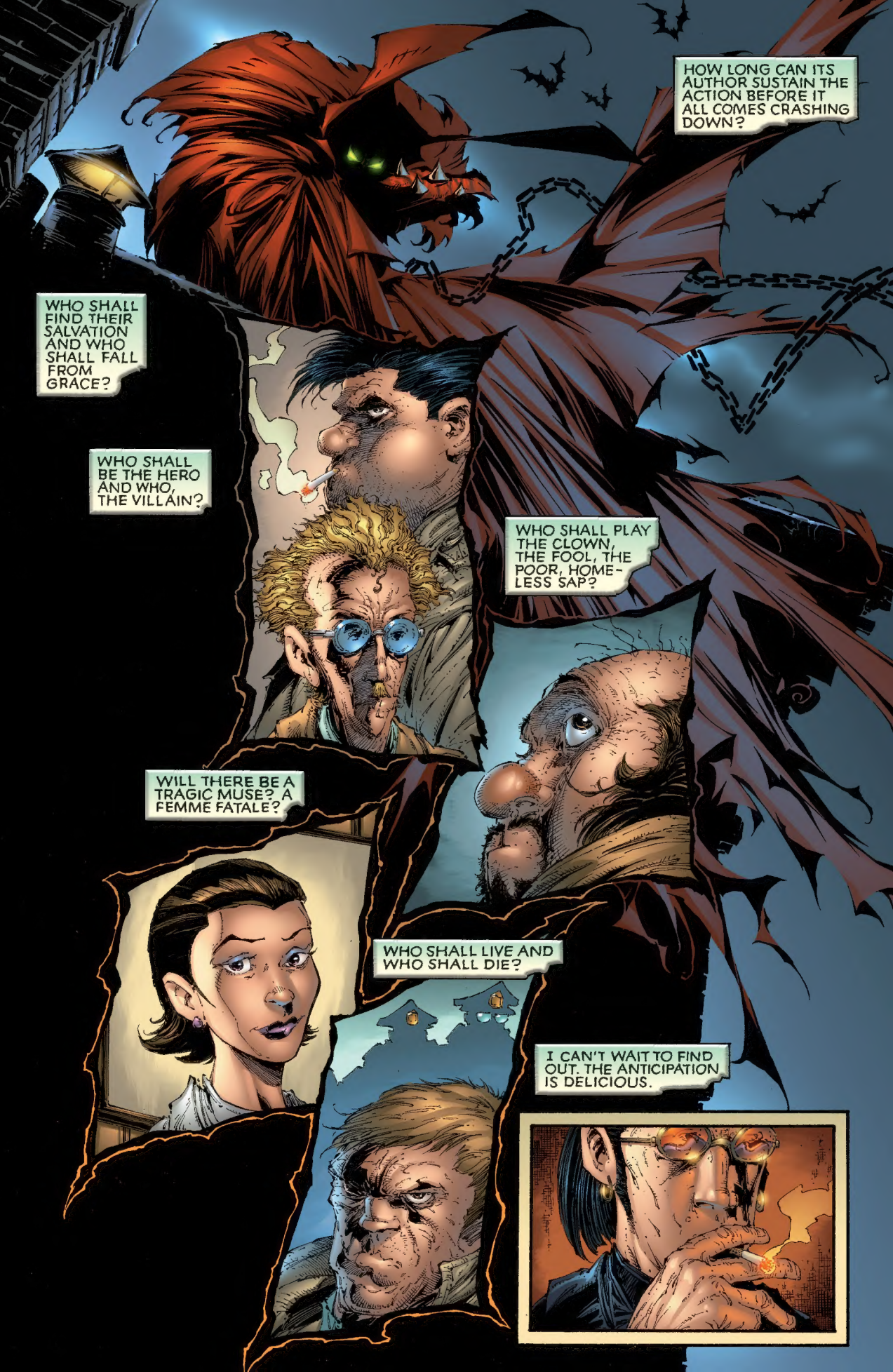
IT'S ABOUT THE **DRAMA**, THE TENSION, THE RISING ACTION, THE FALSE LEADS AND THE STUNNING DENOUEMENT...



EVERYONE LOVES A GOOD MURDER. AND THIS ONE'S BETTER THAN MOST.

THE ONLY REAL QUESTION IS, HOW WILL IT **END**?





HOW LONG CAN ITS
AUTHOR SUSTAIN THE
ACTION BEFORE IT
ALL COMES CRASHING
DOWN?

WHO SHALL
FIND THEIR
SALVATION
AND WHO
SHALL FALL
FROM
GRACE?

WHO SHALL
BE THE HERO
AND WHO,
THE VILLAIN?

WHO SHALL PLAY
THE CLOWN,
THE FOOL, THE
POOR, HOME-
LESS SAP?

WILL THERE BE A
TRAGIC MUSE? A
FEMME FATALE?

WHO SHALL LIVE AND
WHO SHALL DIE?

I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND
OUT. THE ANTICIPATION
IS DELICIOUS.



IT'S A STORY WITH ALL THE CLASSIC ELEMENTS OF A GREAT TRAGEDY AND I AM GRATEFUL FOR IT. BUT IT WILL END. AND SOON, I PREDICT.

IF THE VICTIMS HAD BEEN SOCIALITE WIVES OR MAFIA DONS, THE MURDERS COULD HAVE GONE ON INDEFINITELY.

BUT IT IS THE WEAKEST AMONG US THAT ARE BEING HUNTED, THE POOR DISCARDED WRETCHES OF SOCIETY, AND WE WILL NOT STAND FOR IT.

SOMEONE MUST PAY FOR WAKING OUR SHAME. SOMEONE MUST PAY FOR FORCING THIS CITY TO CARE ABOUT THAT WHICH IT WOULD PREFER TO IGNORE.



GOOD EVENING, MR. CRONE. GOING OUT?

YES, I AM. THANK YOU.



JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE...

HERE YA GO. TAKE IT EASY OUT THERE, MR. CRONE. IT'S A WICKED NIGHT OUT.

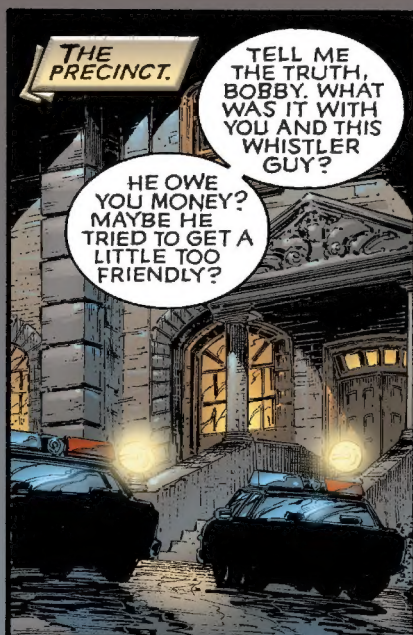
DON'T BE ABSURD, MY GOOD MAN. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

AS FOR ME, THERE'S LITTLE LEFT TO DO BUT WAIT... AND WATCH...

A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT TO BE ALIVE.

... AND CELEBRATE MY GOOD FORTUNE.

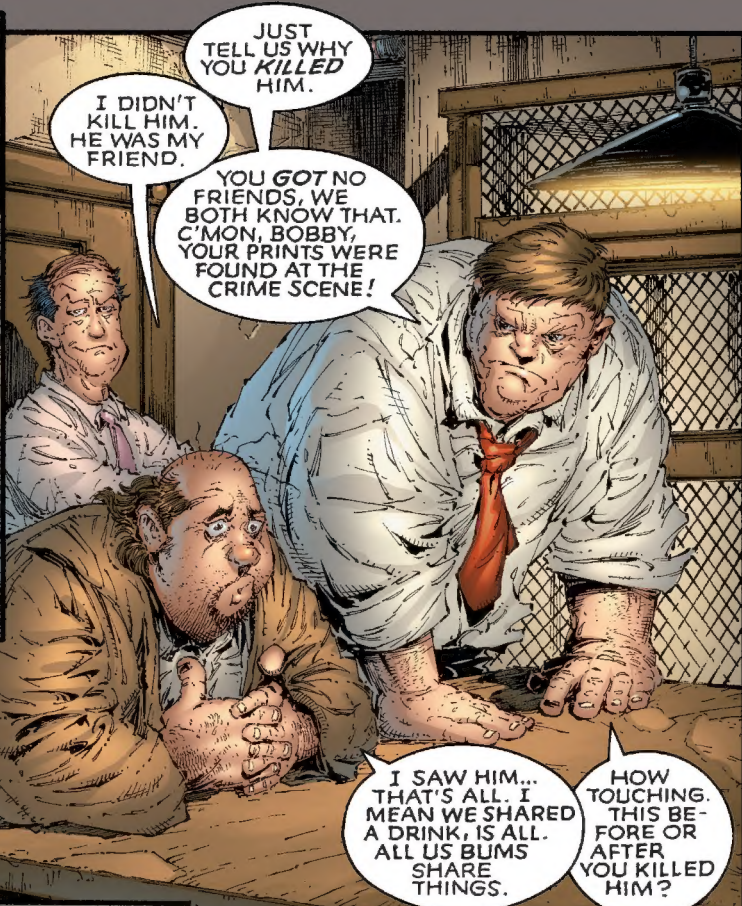




THE
PRECINCT.

HE OWE
YOU MONEY?
MAYBE HE
TRIED TO GET A
LITTLE TOO
FRIENDLY?

TELL ME
THE TRUTH,
BOBBY. WHAT
WAS IT WITH
YOU AND THIS
WHISTLER
GUY?



I DIDN'T
KILL HIM.
HE WAS MY
FRIEND.

JUST
TELL US WHY
YOU **KILLED**
HIM.

YOU **GOT** NO
FRIENDS, WE
BOTH KNOW THAT.
C'MON, BOBBY,
YOUR PRINTS WERE
FOUND AT THE
CRIME SCENE!

I SAW HIM...
THAT'S ALL. I
MEAN WE SHARED
A DRINK, IS ALL.
ALL US BUMS
SHARE
THINGS.

HOW
TOUCHING.
THIS BE-
FORE OR
AFTER
YOU KILLED
HIM?



Huh?

HIS **BLOOD** WAS
ON THE BOTTLE,
GENIUS! HOW DO YOU
EXPLAIN THAT?

I DIDN'T
KILL HIM. I
JUST-- I JUST
NEEDED A DRINK
REAL BAD.

WHAT'RE YOU
SAYING? YOU TOOK
A BOTTLE OFF YOUR
DEAD PAL?! DIDN'T
THINK TO CALL AN
AMBULANCE?!
MURPHY, HOW
SICK IS THIS?



PRETTY
SICK, SILBERT.
IN FACT, I'D SAY
I'M SHOCKED AND
DISGUSTED.

ME
TOO. YOU
KNOW
WHAT
ELSE IS
SICK?!



LOOK AT THIS, MAGGOT! YOUNG GIRL, NO MORE THAN FOURTEEN YEARS OLD! HOMELESS, LIKE YOU.

IS THIS ANY WAY FOR A YOUNG GIRL TO END UP?! LOOK AT HER, GODDAMN IT! DON'T CLOSE YOUR EYES!

N-NO! PLEASE...

SOMEONE CUT HER TO PIECES JUST LAST NIGHT. LOOKS LIKE THEY ENJOYED IT, TOO!

FOURTEEN YEARS OLD!

WHY WOULD SOMEONE DO THIS TO A *CHILD*? CHRIST, THEY EVEN CUT OUT HER *HEART*!

WHY, BOBBY? WHY?! DID *SHE* HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO SHARE? HUH?

NO! I DIDN'T HURT ANYONE! I SWEAR! PLEASE... PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE!

BOOTSY! BOOTSY!
PLEASE HELP ME!

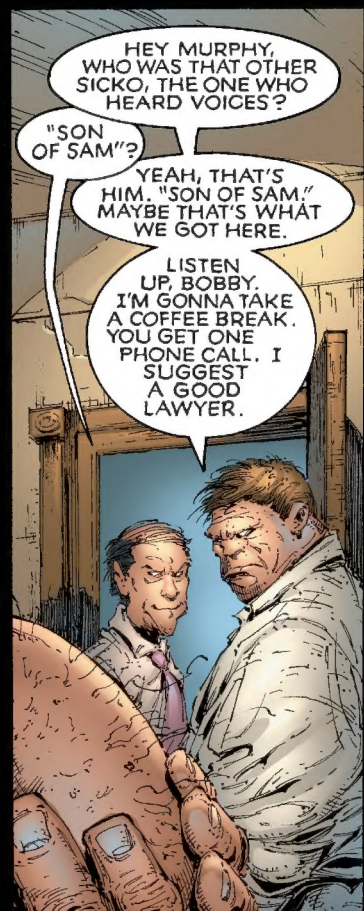


Aw, CHRIST
HERE WE GO
AGAIN! YOU CAN
STOP BAWLIN' FOR
YOUR FAIRY GOD-
MOTHER, OR WHO-
EVER THIS
"BOOTS" IS!

YOU'RE
UP TO YOUR
NECK IN THIS,
AND YOU'RE ALL
ALONE.

I'M LOOKING
FOR A CONFESSION,
PAL! WHAT'S YOUR
DEAL, BOBBY. YOU
HEAR VOICES? IS
THAT IT? DO THE
VOICES TELL YOU
TO KILL BUMS AND
RUNAWAYS?!
HUH?

PLEASE...
LEAVE ME
ALONE... I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING... I
TOLD YOU EVERY-
THING I KNOW...
EVERYTHING ABOUT
THE ALLEYS...



HEY MURPHY,
WHO WAS THAT OTHER
SICKO, THE ONE WHO
HEARD VOICES?

"SON
OF SAM"?

YEAH, THAT'S
HIM. "SON OF SAM."
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT
WE GOT HERE.

LISTEN
UP, BOBBY.
I'M GONNA TAKE
A COFFEE BREAK.
YOU GET ONE
PHONE CALL. I
SUGGEST
A GOOD
LAWYER.

Oh GOD...
Oh GOD...
HOW DID THIS
HAPPEN?



BOOTS,
YOU PROMISED
YOU WOULD
LOOK AFTER
ME...



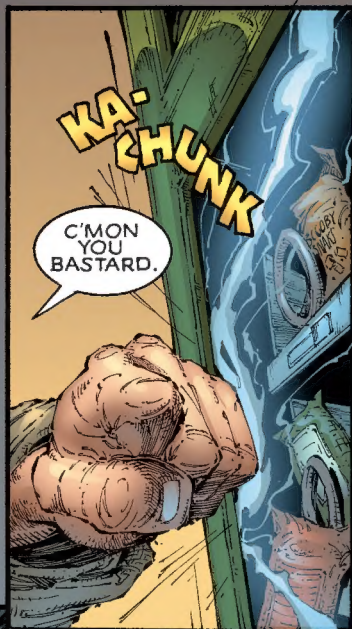
WHO
CAN I
CALL...

I DON'T
KNOW
ANYBODY...
I DON'T...

huh?



IVING GRACE
Community Outreach Center
Dr. Sarah Frost
Client: Jason
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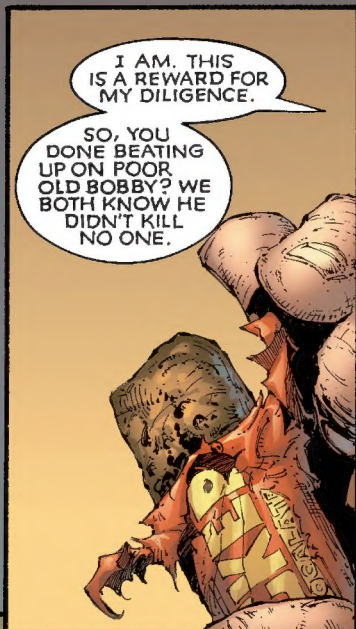


KA-
CHUNK

C'MON
YOU
BASTARD.



HEY
SAMMY, I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE STICKING
TO THE HEALTH
FOOD. MUSCLE
BARS AN'
THAT.



I AM. THIS
IS A REWARD FOR
MY DILIGENCE.

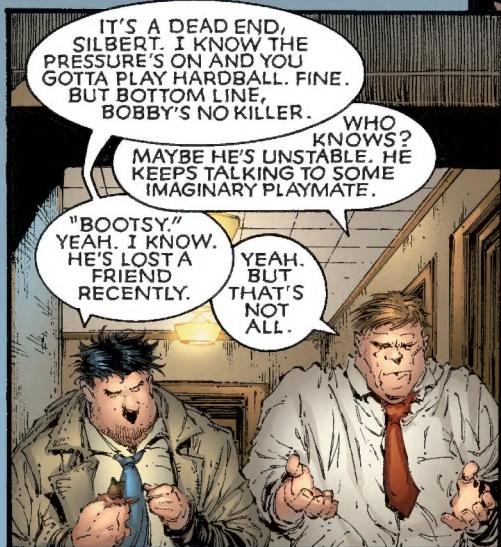
SO, YOU
DONE BEATING
UP ON POOR
OLD BOBBY? WE
BOTH KNOW HE
DIDN'T KILL
NO ONE.



THAT A
FACT? DUDE GETS
PULLED IN ON A
D. N' D.* WE RUN HIS
PRINTS, JUST AS A
PRECAUTION.

BINGO!
WE PLACE THE
LITTLE BASTARD AT
THE FIRST CRIME
SCENE. ONLY LEAD WE
GOT SO FAR. AND HE'S
GOT SOME INTEREST-
ING THINGS TO
SAY.

* DRUNK AND
DISORDERLY.

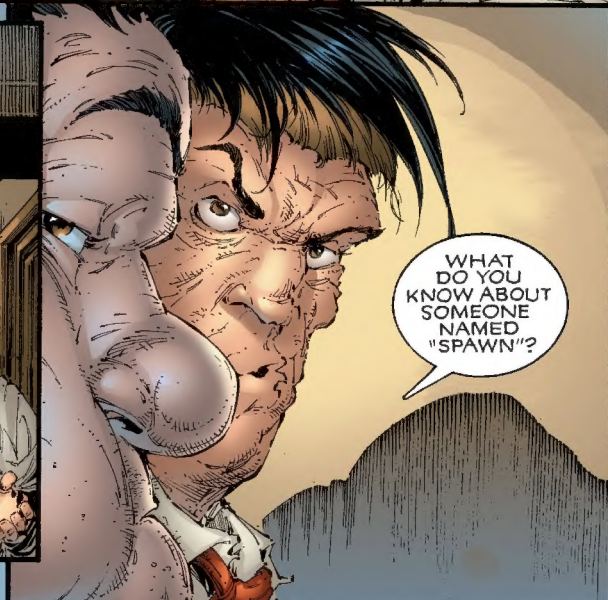


IT'S A DEAD END,
SILBERT. I KNOW THE
PRESSURE'S ON AND YOU
GOTTA PLAY HARBALL. FINE.
BUT BOTTOM LINE,
BOBBY'S NO KILLER.

WHO
KNOWS?
MAYBE HE'S UNSTABLE. HE
KEEPS TALKING TO SOME
IMAGINARY PLAYMATE.

"BOOTSY."
YEAH. I KNOW.
HE'S LOST A
FRIEND
RECENTLY.

YEAH.
BUT
THAT'S
NOT
ALL.



WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
SOMEONE
NAMED
"SPAWN"?

A large, menacing figure with a red cape and glowing yellow eyes is seen from the chest up, positioned behind a yellow police tape that stretches across the foreground. The figure is in a dark, industrial setting, likely a warehouse, with large windows in the background showing a night scene with rain. The figure's face is a dark, helmet-like mask with glowing yellow eyes. The red cape is voluminous and has a small, ornate clasp at the collar. The police tape is yellow with the words "POLICE LINE" repeated in black capital letters. The overall atmosphere is dark and ominous.

**THE
CRIME
SCENE:**

A DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE.
A FOUL AND ICY WIND
BLOWS IN FROM OFF THE
RIVER AND CUTS THROUGH
THE NIGHT WITH FROZEN
DAGGERS.

BUT IT IS THE PALPABLE
STING OF TERROR THAT
SCORES AND SCRATCHES
ITS WAY THROUGH THE
UNEARTHLY FORM OF
THE HELLSPAWN.

IT BURROWS DEEP INTO
HIS CONSCIOUSNESS,
AND SPREADS OUT TO
EVERY FIBER OF HIS
BEING. PANIC. FEAR.
UNSPEAKABLE
DESPERATION.

THE PLACE STINKS OF
DEATH... RANCID, YET
ALMOST SWEET IN ITS
WAY... LIKE THE
BURNING OF LEAVES.

HE CAN STILL HEAR
THE HOPELESS CRIES
OF TERROR, THE
FRUITLESS PLEADINGS
OF A CHILD ECHOING
OFF THE CONCRETE
WALLS.

HER NAME...
HER NAME
WAS FAWN.

A CRUDE OUTLINE ON THE GROUND:
A GRIM AND FINAL PERIMETER IS
ALL THAT IS LEFT TO MEASURE THIS
LIFE SNUFFED OUT SO VICIOUSLY,
SO NEEDLESSLY.

IF YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE
YOU WHEN YOU DIE, IT IS A
DEATH THAT CAREENS LIKE A
FREIGHT TRAIN THROUGH
THE CORE OF SPAWN.

A CHILD... A RUNAWAY...
GREW UP THE HARD WAY
LONG BEFORE HER TIME...

BUT STILL, IT IS A CHILD'S
THOUGHTS THAT FILLED HER
LAST MOMENTS ON EARTH:

"I WANT TO
GO HOME..."

"I WANT MY
MOMMY."

"GOD, PLEASE
LET THIS BE A
BAD DREAM."

THE SPAWN DRINKS IN EVERY HORRID
SENSATION. THE THUNDERCLAP OF
FOOTSTEPS MOVING CLOSER... A
GLOVED HAND THAT SILENCES THE
GIRL'S PLEAS FOR MERCY...

THE FIRST SLASH OF STEEL
SEVERS THE CAROTID ARTERY.
THE SURPRISING HEAT OF HER
BLOOD MORE SHOCKING
THAN THE PAIN.

THEN ANOTHER CUT...
THIS TIME ABOVE THE
LEFT BREAST. FORCEFUL,
CLINICAL. AND THEN
EVERYTHING BLURS.

SOMETHING MOVES LANGUIDLY THROUGH
THE AIR, IN SLOW MOTION... A CASCADE
OF TINY, IVORY-COLORED SPHERES,
TUMBLING THROUGH THE NIGHT...

LIKE DISTANT STARS, EACH A FAINT
PROMISE OF HOPE, OF A LIFE THAT
MIGHT HAVE TAKEN A DIFFERENT,
BETTER TURN. IF ONLY...

THE NIGHT TURNS TO
RED AND THEN THE
RED TURNS TO BLACK.

AND
IT IS
OVER.

ALONE. NO ONE TO
MOURN, NO ONE TO
LEND COMFORT. NO
ONE EVEN TO HEAR
HER CRIES. NO ONE
BUT THE LOWLIEST
OF THE LOW.



COME
HERE...



WHAT
ABOUT
YOU? WHAT
DID YOU
SEE?



WHOA
THERE, PALLY!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

POLICE!
HANDS UP!
HANDS UP
NOW!



HE'S
RUNNING
FOR IT!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
THIS. HE'S
RUNNING
FOR IT?





THE NEXT DAY:

ARE YOU KIDDING?
SGT. JOE FRIDAY ON
"DRAGNET". NO QUESTION
ABOUT IT.

FIRST TIME
I HEARD HIM
READ SOMEONE HIS
RIGHTS, I KNEW
WHAT I WANTED
TO DO FOR A
LIVING.

Oh, I KNOW
WHAT YOU MEAN.
FOR ME IT WAS
NURSE DIXIE ON
"EMERGENCY".

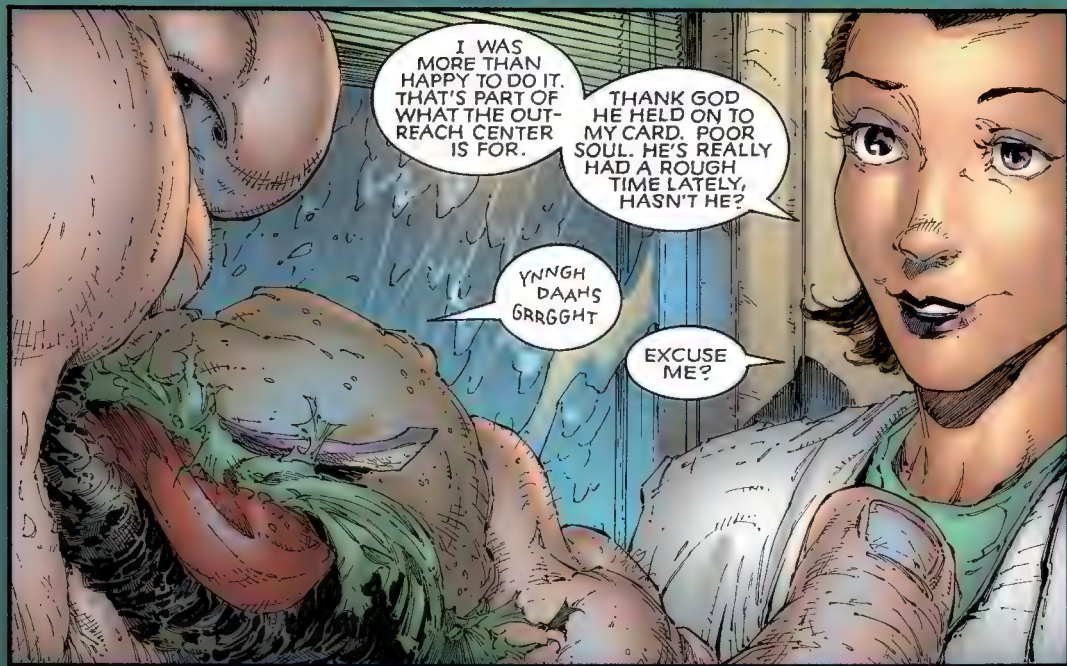
SOME-
THING ABOUT
THAT STARCHED
WHITE UNIFORMS
JUST SANG
TO ME.



I KNOW IT
PROBABLY SOUNDS
SILLY, BUT I GUESS I
LIKE THINKING OF
MYSELF AS ONE OF THE
GOOD GUYS, DOING
MY PART FOR
SOCIETY.

DOESN'T
SOUND
SILLY
TO ME.

THANKS
AGAIN FOR
HELPING BOBBY
OUT. IT WAS
GOOD OF YOU TO
VOUCH FOR
HIM.



I WAS
MORE THAN
HAPPY TO DO IT.
THAT'S PART OF
WHAT THE OUT-
REACH CENTER
IS FOR.

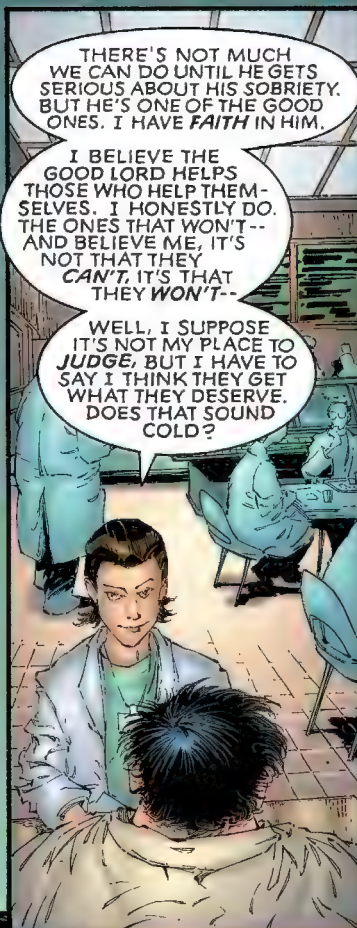
THANK GOD
HE HELD ON TO
MY CARD. POOR
SOUL. HE'S REALLY
HAD A ROUGH
TIME LATELY,
HASN'T HE?

YNNH
DAAHS
GRRGGHT

EXCUSE
ME?



SORRY. I SAID YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. OLD GUY'S BEEN ON THE STREET A LONG TIME. AIN'T THERE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM OUT, Y'KNOW, PERMANENTLY?



THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO UNTIL HE GETS SERIOUS ABOUT HIS SOBRIETY. BUT HE'S ONE OF THE GOOD ONES. I HAVE FAITH IN HIM.

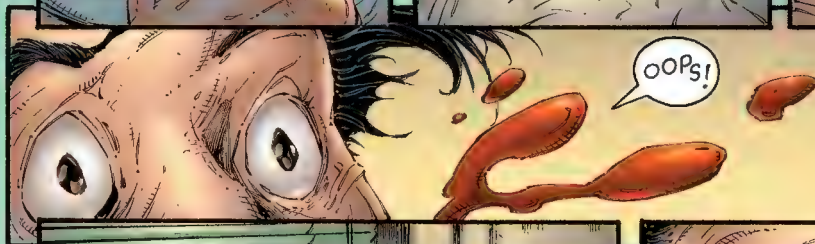
I BELIEVE THE GOOD LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES. I HONESTLY DO. THE ONES THAT WON'T-- AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S NOT THAT THEY CAN'T. IT'S THAT THEY WON'T--

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO JUDGE, BUT I HAVE TO SAY I THINK THEY GET WHAT THEY DESERVE. DOES THAT SOUND COLD?



NAH. NOT AT ALL. I MEAN, YOU CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE. BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE TRYING.

THIS CITY, HELL, THIS WORLD, IS SUCH A MESS AND THERE AIN'T ENOUGH PEOPLE INTERESTED IN CLEANING UP--



OOPS!



OK, JESUS CHRIST, I'M SORRY. HERE, HOLD STILL... SORRY... DID I GET YOUR EYE...?

IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY.

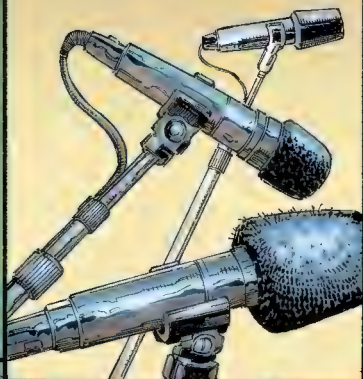


EXCUSE ME. LET ME GO CLEAN UP PROPERLY.

I'LL BE HERE. HURRY BACK.

--TRUE
THAT
ARRESTS
HAVE BEEN
MADE?

--EXACTLY
IS THE MAYOR'S
POSITION ON
LONG TERM
FUNDING
FOR--



-- OR DENY
RUMORS THAT
A "MYSTERIOUS
INTRUDER" WAS
SEEN AT THE
LAST CRIME
SCENE?...



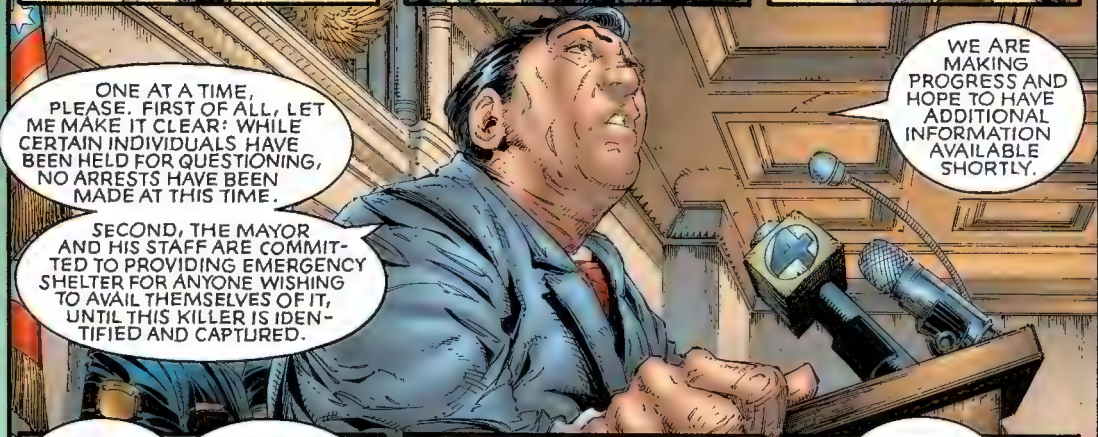
-- WHAT
CAN YOU
SAY TO
ASSURE
THE
PUBLIC--



ONE AT A TIME,
PLEASE. FIRST OF ALL, LET
ME MAKE IT CLEAR: WHILE
CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS HAVE
BEEN HELD FOR QUESTIONING,
NO ARRESTS HAVE BEEN
MADE AT THIS TIME.

SECOND, THE MAYOR
AND HIS STAFF ARE COMMIT-
TED TO PROVIDING EMERGENCY
SHELTER FOR ANYONE WISHING
TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF IT,
UNTIL THIS KILLER IS IDENT-
TIFIED AND CAPTURED.

WE ARE
MAKING
PROGRESS AND
HOPE TO HAVE
ADDITIONAL
INFORMATION
AVAILABLE
SHORTLY.



WHAT
ABOUT THE
LATEST
MURDER?

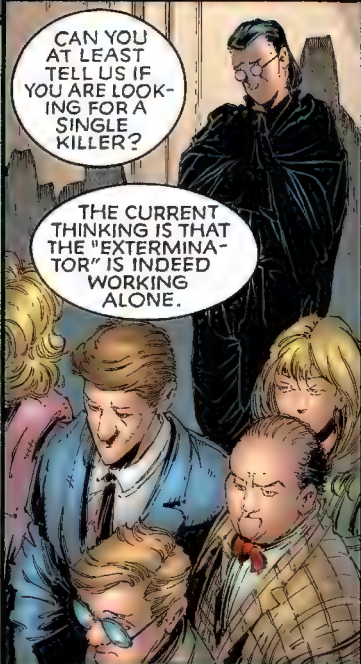
IT HAS BEEN
REPORTED THAT
THE VICTIM WAS
A MINOR.
HAVE HER
PARENTS BEEN
NOTIFIED?



I CANNOT
COMMENT
ON THAT.
NEXT?

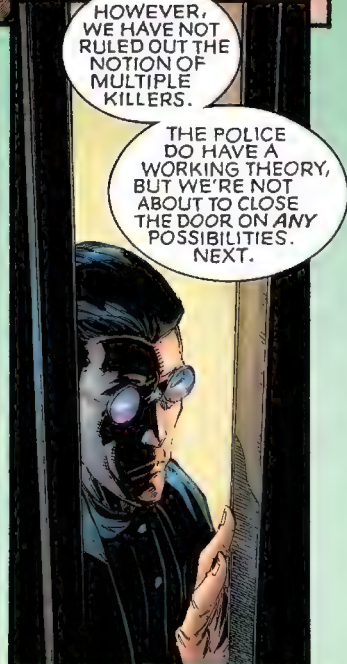
CAN YOU
AT LEAST
TELL US IF
YOU ARE LOOK-
ING FOR A
SINGLE
KILLER?

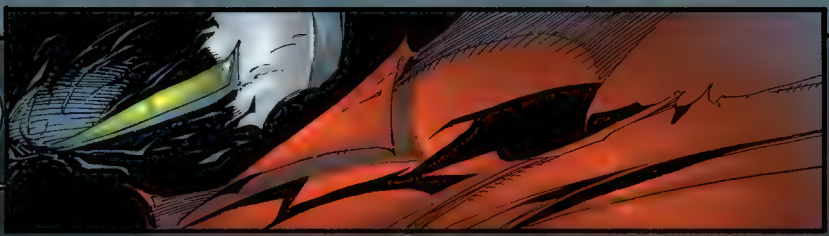
THE CURRENT
THINKING IS THAT
THE "EXTERMINA-
TOR" IS INDEED
WORKING
ALONE.



HOWEVER,
WE HAVE NOT
RULED OUT THE
NOTION OF
MULTIPLE
KILLERS.

THE POLICE
DO HAVE A
WORKING THEORY,
BUT WE'RE NOT
ABOUT TO CLOSE
THE DOOR ON ANY
POSSIBILITIES.
NEXT.



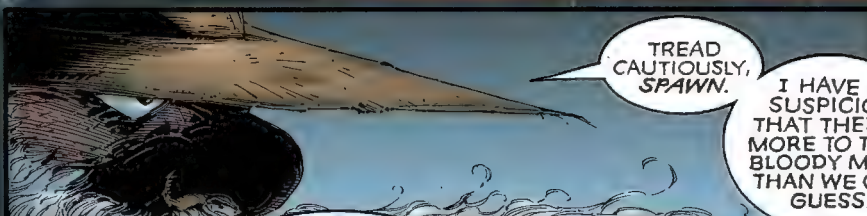


HE'S PLAYING
WITH ME. THE KILLER.
I CAN FEEL IT. IT'S ALL
PART OF SOME SICK
GAME.

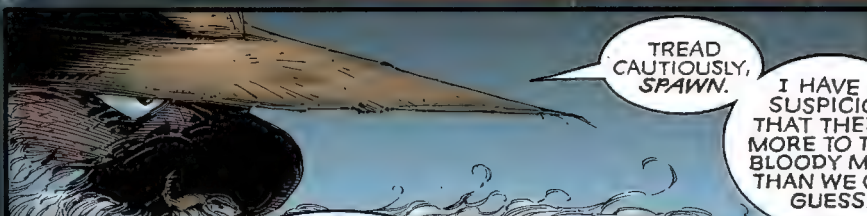


TREAD
CAUTIOUSLY,
SPAWN.

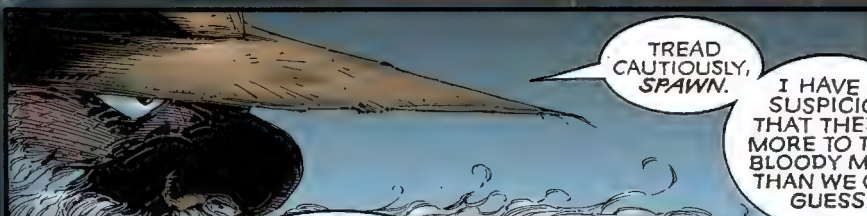
I HAVE A
SUSPICION
THAT THERE'S
MORE TO THIS
BLOODY MESS
THAN WE CAN
GUESS.



DAMN IT, COG.
YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! I CAN STILL FEEL
HER INSIDE MY HEAD... HER
LUNGS CLUTCHING BREATH,
THE TERROR BURNING
THROUGH HER
SOUL.



THESE ARE
MY PEOPLE
BEING KILLED. THE
ALLEYS ARE UNDER
MY PROTECTION. FOR
GOOD OR ILL, THIS IS
MY FIGHT AND
I WILL NOT
BACK DOWN!



SOMEONE
IS GOING TO PAY
FOR THIS COG. I
SWEAR, I WILL FIND
WHOEVER IS
DOING THIS.

AND I WILL
MAKE THEM
SUFFER!

NO ONE
ELSE WILL
DIE ON MY
WATCH!



OKAY, TWITCH, LAY IT ON ME.

WELL, SIR. IT'S NOT GOOD. DETECTIVE SILBERT JUST FAXED OVER THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S PRELIMINARY REPORT ON VICTIM NUMBER FIVE.

AS WITH THE PREVIOUS VICTIMS, THERE'S ALMOST NO PHYSICAL EVIDENCE LEFT BY THE KILLER.

THERE IS ONE DIFFERENCE. THEY *FOUND* SOMETHING IN THE GIRL'S STOMACH.

DO I WANT TO HEAR THIS?

A PEARL, SIR. A SINGLE, HIGH-GRADE CULTURED PEARL. UNFORTUNATELY, DIGESTIVE ACIDS WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ANY DNA MATERIAL PRESENT.

SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IS IT SOME KINDA MESSAGE?

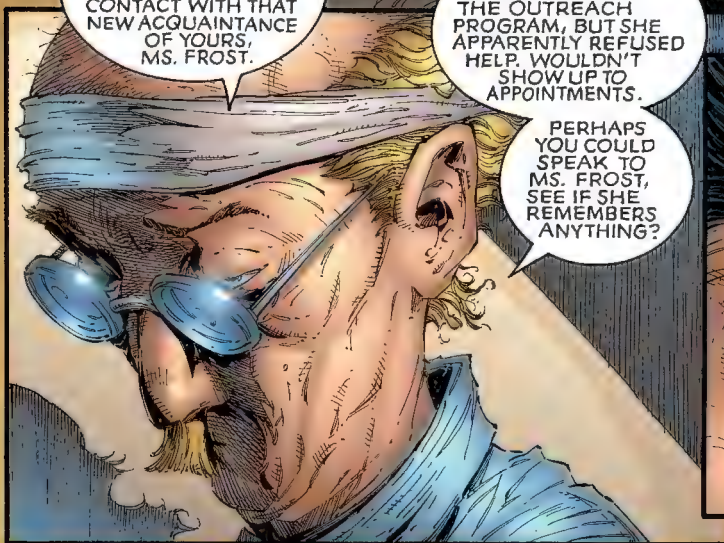
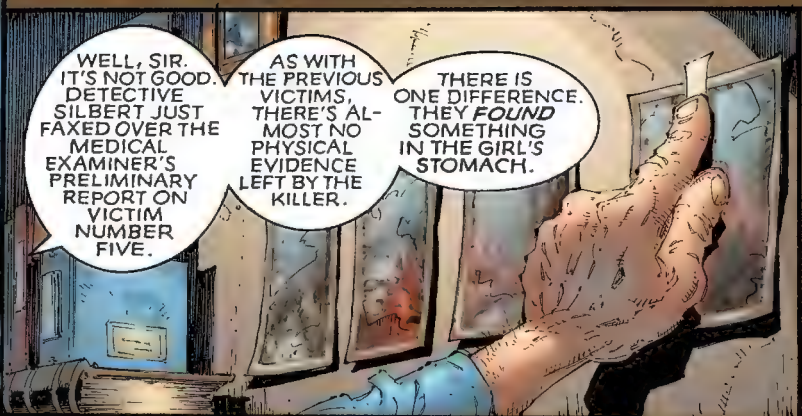
POSSIBLY. THE KILLER'S PREVIOUS NOTE MADE MENTION OF "CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE," A BIBLICAL REFERENCE.

SOMETHING ELSE WILL PIQUE YOUR INTEREST, SIR. THE YOUNG RUNAWAY SEEMS TO HAVE HAD CONTACT WITH THAT NEW ACQUAINTANCE OF YOURS, MS. FROST.

SOCIAL SERVICES SET HER UP WITH THE OUTREACH PROGRAM, BUT SHE APPARENTLY REFUSED HELP. WOULDN'T SHOW UP TO APPOINTMENTS.

PERHAPS YOU COULD SPEAK TO MS. FROST, SEE IF SHE REMEMBERS ANYTHING?

YEAH. I COULD DO THAT.

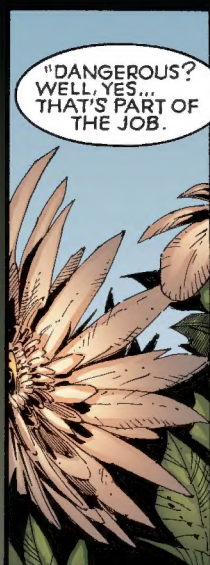
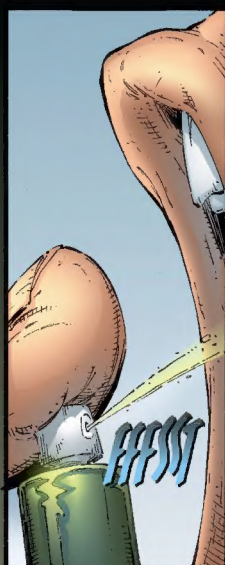




Um...
"GOOD
EVENING,
MS. FROST..."
NO... NO...
"HEY, SARAH.
HATE TO
BOther
YOU THIS
LATE."



"WELL... I'M
AFRAID I'M
ON OFFICIAL
BUSINESS."



"DANGEROUS?
WELL, YES...
THAT'S PART OF
THE JOB."



"WHAT?
WELL,
THANK YOU.
YES, AS A
MATTER OF
FACT, I DO
WORK
OUT."

"IF YOU
DON'T MIND
MY SAYING
SO, SARAH,
YOU'RE
LOOKING
RATHER--"

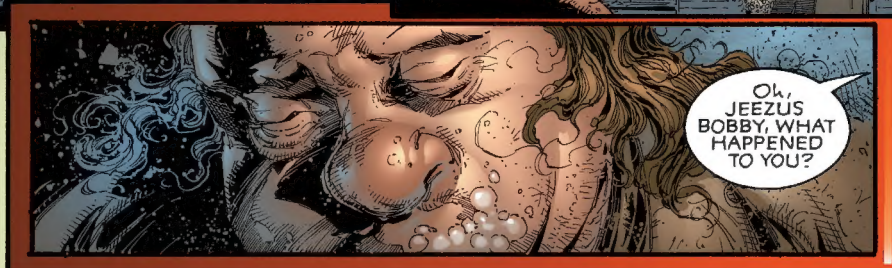


--CLOSED.
DAMN."



Groan

WHAT
THE HELL?
BOBBY?
HEY MAN,
IS THAT
YOU?



OK,
JEEZUS
BOBBY, WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?



THINGS WILL START MOVING VERY QUICKLY NOW. YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT.

LOOK AT YOU, YOU'RE SOAKED.

I'M SO TIRED. JUST LET ME SLEEP.



UGHN! C'MON, LET'S GET YOU INSIDE. GET YOU DRY. HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE TO DRINK?



ALL EVENTS ARE RUSHING HEADLONG TOWARD THEIR INEVITABLE CONCLUSION.

BOBBY, I NEED YOU TO FOCUS. STAY AWAKE, YOU HEAR ME! I'M GONNA GET YOU SOME HELP!



DAMN IT BOBBY, STAY AWAKE! I'M CALLING AN AMBULANCE.

THE PIECES ARE ALL IN PLACE. THE COURSE IS SET.

I JUS' ... I JUS' WANNA SLEEP...



HELLO! HELLO!

SONUVA BITCH!

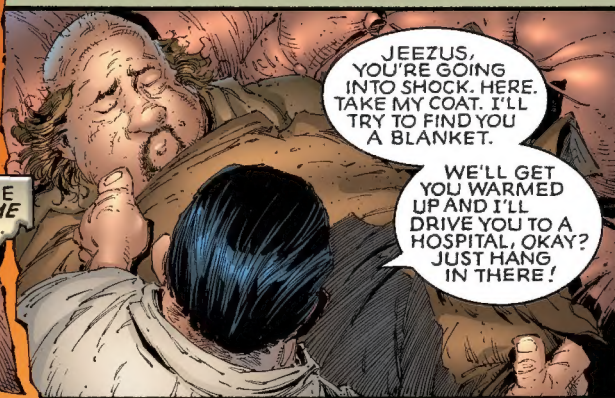
HOW DO I GET AN OUTSIDE LINE?! THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR BREAKING UP MA BELL!



CERTAINLY, A PAWN OR TWO MAY HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED...

COLD... I'M SO COLD...

... BUT THE ENDGAME IS NEAR.



JEEZUS, YOU'RE GOING INTO SHOCK. HERE. TAKE MY COAT. I'LL TRY TO FIND YOU A BLANKET.

WE'LL GET YOU WARMED UP AND I'LL DRIVE YOU TO A HOSPITAL, OKAY? JUST HANG IN THERE!

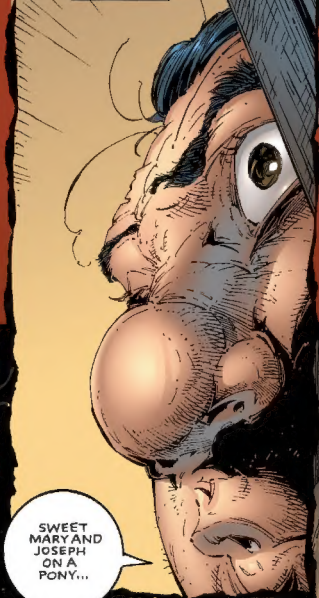
ONCE IT IS OVER,
EVERYONE WILL
LOOK BACK AND
SAY IT WAS
OBVIOUS.



THEY'LL SAY,
"I KNEW IT
ALL ALONG.



"SAW IT COMING
FROM A MILE
AWAY."



SWEET
MARY AND
JOSEPH
ON A
PONY...

A Serpent in the Garden
Unclean

Tongues of
Devil

Tongues of
Angels

AND EVERY
SINGLE
LAST ONE
OF THEM
WILL BE
**DEAD
WRONG.**

Idle
HANDS

Hearts of
DARKNESS

His Blood is
my Wine

NEXT: THE
CLEANSING





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE